

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 817.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1872.

VOL. XXXII. No. 9.

The Music of the Future.

BY A MODERN.

Hence, loathed Melody!
Thou apish semblance of articulate sound,
The world hath done with thee;
No more shall fingers weave thy voluble round,
Jigging Sebastian; hence, ye shadowy forms,
Ye dilettante swarms,
Handel or Haydn, powerful erst,
In man's fond infancy,
Now on the tranced elements hath burst
The music of the true, the undefiled;
Ye snare no more men's hearts by sugared art be-
guiled.
Hence, ye cobweb spinners, hence;
Fancy yields to conquering sense:—
See! the great Tannhäuser comes,
Cymbals clash, sound kettle drums,
Now the pipe, the clarion brays,
Vocal in Tannhäuser's praise.
Scion he of giant brood,
Nursling of the savage wood,
Playmate of the shaggy bear,
Nature's sole interpreter.
Ears he hath for the hidden cry
Of the wild wind sweeping by,
Skill to phrase in rugged tones
What old Ocean hoarsely moans.

Yield, ye sour-lipped critics, yield,
See, Tannhäuser storms the field;
Cease, ah! cease your droning hum,
Tweedle-dee and Tweedle-dum.
With your routed legions flee,
Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-doe.
Fly, Mozart, Beethoven, fly,
Vain your link'd panoply,—
The sweet web of golden mail,
Crushed beneath the hero's flail.
Music, heavenly maid, is born,
Not that false siren, who hath shorn
The locks from many a champion's head.
On her lap of dalliance spread,
Which such fell enchantment wrought
That their manhood they forgot,
Babbled weak and soulless trash,
Sentimental balderdash,
Lisp'd in pretty mincing measures
Gilded pinchbeck, tinsel treasures,
And the rapturous world was tickled
By the dulcet tones that trickled
From a lorn lute amorously;
Or paled, as tuned to loftiest key,
In measured march of awful sound,
Thunder-music shook the ground.

Slavish fiddlers of old time
Toiling at a painful rhyme,
Fain to cozen the nice ear
With a puling tune, and rear
Sense from sentiment apart,
So you could but touch the heart.
Pshaw! mere study of effect,
That ne'er could reach the intellect.
We can bid each passion thrill
On a note, and pass at will
From grave to gay, from hot to cold,
In convolutions manifold.
Rhythmical our movement flows,
Slow the varied fabric grows,
Of fantastic shape and style,

Mazy as a Gothic pile,
With pepper boxes here and there,
And crawlings of a random stair.
No dull classic Parthenon,
With formal pillars of cold stone.

Not such a temple will we build
To honor him, whose song hath filled
Our rapt spirit with new delight;
Hail, Baireuth! the favored site
Of our palace, whence shall flow
Streams of rhythmic sense that glow
With clear metallic lava heat,
And shrivel the flaunting vines that meet
Its solid force with wantoning
Of tendrils in the buxom spring.

Earth shall soon forget her youth,
And the dreams she dreamed were truth
Fade before the critic's glass.
Our poor fathers! let them pass
With a mild and patient smile;
Their day is o'er;—their whims beguile
Our trained intellect no more.
Burn, moderns, burn the hived store
Of old experience, musty grown,
Doddered eld with eyes of stone,
Bid Fancy loose each drivelling thrall
And common sense be all in all.

London Spectator.

Wagner on Beethoven.

[Extracts from his Essay written as a contribution to the Hundredth Anniversary of the Composer's Birth.]*

We see young Beethoven, on the other hand, (i. e. not like Haydn and Mozart), facing the world from the outset with that defiant temperament, which kept him in almost wild independence of it throughout his entire life; his enormous self-consciousness, supported by haughtiest courage, shielded him, at all times, from the frivolous demands upon music of the pleasure-seeking world. He had a treasure of inestimable wealth to preserve in the face of the importunities of effeminate taste. It was his mission to announce the divination of the inmost contemplation of the world of tones, in the same forms in which music was to display itself merely as a diverting art. He therefore resembled, at all times, one truly possessed; for, what Schopenhauer says of musicians in general, held good with regard to him:—"They speak the highest wisdom, in a language which their reason does not understand."

The element of "reason," in his art, he encountered in that spirit which had furthered the formal erection of its external scaffolding. When he perceived how often the great masters of his youth had moved in that architectural scaffolding of periods, with trite repetitions of phrases and floscules, with exactly divided antitheses of loud and soft, with introductions consisting of so and so many measures, the gravity of which was determined according to prescribed recipes, and through the indispensable portals of so and so many half-cadences, to the beatification of the noisy final cadence,—the element of reason which here addressed him, seemed a very scanty one. It was such reason which had constructed the operatic aria, had dictated the mode of stringing together the operatic pieces, and by which Haydn had been led to fether his genius to the counting of pearls on his rosary. For with Palestrina's music religion had vanished from the [Roman] Church, while, on the other hand, the artificial formalism of Jesuitical practice counterformed religion and at the same time music. So, to the thoughtful beholder, does the architectural style (also Jesuitical)

of the last two centuries cover venerable, noble Rome; so did the glorious Italian painting become effeminate and dulcified; so originated, under the same guidance, the "classical" French poetry, in the spirit-killing laws of which we may find a very speaking analogy to the laws of construction of the operatic aria, and the sonata.

We know that it was that "German spirit," so much feared and hated in "Ulramontan" regions, which everywhere, and in the sphere of art as well, savingly opposed this artfully-conducted corruption of the spirit of European peoples. If, then, we have honored our Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, and others, as having, in other spheres, rescued us from perishing in that corruption, it becomes us to-day to point out with reference to the musician Beethoven, that through him, inasmuch as he spoke the purest language of all peoples, German spirit redeemed the spirit of humanity from deep ignominy. For inasmuch as he elevated music (which had been degraded, as regards its proper nature, to the rank of a merely diverting art), to the height of its sublime calling, he has opened to us the understanding of that art in which the world explains itself as definitely to every consciousness, as the most profound philosophy could possibly explain it to that thinker who is well versed in its most abstract conceptions. And the relation of the great Beethoven to the German nation, is based upon this alone, which we shall now endeavor to illustrate by those special features of his life and productivity, which lie within our knowledge.

Nothing can give us a more instructive disclosure of the relation of the artistic method of proceeding, to manufacturing in accordance with those conceptions of reason, than an exact apprehension of the course followed by Beethoven in the development of his musical genius. Had he consciously transformed the external musical forms which he found extant, or even overthrown them, that would have been acting from his reason; but we nowhere find a trace of this. There certainly has never been an artist who speculated less on his art than did Beethoven. But, on the other hand, the already mentioned rough vehemence of his human nature shows us how he felt the interdiction that was laid upon his genius by those forms, almost as immediately in the sense of a personal suffering as he did every other constraint of conventionality. Still, his reaction in this matter consisted solely in a haughty, free development of his inner genius, which could not be hindered by anything, not even by those forms. He never altered from principle an already invented form of instrumental music; the same structure can unmistakably be pointed out in his last sonatas, quartets, symphonies, &c., as in his first ones. But let us compare these works with each other; let us, for instance, place the Eighth symphony, in F major, by the side of the Second, in D major, and wonder at the entirely new world which meets us there, almost in precisely the same form!

Here again appears the peculiarity of the German nature, which inwardly is so richly and deeply endowed that it is able to leave the impress of its being upon every form, since it re-models the form from within, and is thus relieved from the necessity of externally overthrowing it. Germans, consequently, are not revolutionary, but reformatory; and, in fine, they thus come to possess a wealth of forms for the manifestation of their inner nature such as is possessed by no other nation. This deep inner fountain appears exhausted among the French, so that disquieted by the external form of their affairs, both in art and in the state, they believe themselves forced to have recourse to the total overthrow of that form, in the persuasion to a certain extent, that the new and more agreeable form must then come entirely of itself. So their rebellion, strangely enough, is always against their own nature, which, after all, does not appear to be deeper than is expressed by that form which so disquiets them. On the other hand, that our poetical literature in the Middle Ages was nourished by the translation of chivalric poems from the French, did not injure the development of German spirit: the inner depth of a Wolfram von Eschenbach formed enduring poetic models from material, which, in the prototype, is preserved merely as a curiosity. In like manner we adopted

* "BEETHOVEN" by RICHARD WAGNER. Translated, with the Author's express Permission and Approbation, by ALBERT R. PARSONS. Indianapolis: Benham Brothers. 1872.

the classic forms of Roman and Greek civilization, imitated their language and versification, and contrived to appropriate to ourselves antique intuitions, but only while enunciating in them our own inmost spirit. We thus received from the Italians music, with all its forms; and what we conceived in them lies before us in the incomprehensible works of Beethoven's genius.

To attempt even to explain those works would be a foolish undertaking. When we review them in their proper order we must perceive with ever-increasing distinctness the permeation of the musical form by the genius of music. In the works of his predecessors it is as though we saw a painted transparency by daylight, and thus had before us a pseudo work of art, obviously not at all to be compared, in drawing or coloring, with the work of the genuine painter; a work belonging to an altogether lower style of art, and therefore looked down upon by just connoisseurs: this transparency was displayed to adorn festivals—at princely tables—and for the entertainment of luxurious companies, &c., and the virtuoso placed his artistic dexterity, as the light appointed for the illumination of the picture, before, instead of behind it. But Beethoven places that transparency in the silence of night, between the phenomenal world and the deep inner world of the essential nature of all things, out from which he then throws the light of the clairvoyant against the back of the picture: and now it revives in a wonderful manner, and another world stands before us, of which the greatest masterpiece of a Raphael could give us no intimation.

The power of the musician here is not to be apprehended otherwise than through the idea of magic. It is certainly an enchanted state into which we fall while listening to a genuine Beethoven composition, when we perceive in all its parts, instead of that kind of technical conformity to the end in view, which might appear to us upon jejune meditation,—a spiritual animation, an activity now delicate, and then appalling, a pulsating elevation, joy, longing, fear, lamentation, and ravishment, all of which, again, appears to originate only from within the profoundest depths of our own soul. For the feature of Beethoven's musical creations, which is so important for the history of art, is this; that here every technical accident of art, by means of which the artist, for the sake of intelligibility, places himself in a conventional relation to the external world, is elevated to the highest importance as a spontaneous effluence. As I have already elsewhere expressed it; "there are no 'accessories' here, there is no framing of the melody, but every voice in the accompaniment, every rhythmical note, indeed, every rest itself becomes melody."

Let us now examine whence Beethoven obtained his power, or rather, as the mystery of natural endowment must remain veiled to us, and we have only to accept, without further question, the existence of that power, from its effects, let us endeavor to make clear to ourselves through what peculiarity, what moral impulse of personal character, the great Musician was able to concentrate that power upon the one enormous effect which constituted his artistic deed. We have seen that we must exclude all assumption that the development of his artistic instinct was led by anything like a cognition of reason. On the contrary, we shall have to keep solely in view the manly strength of his character, to the influence of which, upon the development of the Master's inner genius, we have already had occasion to allude.

We there brought Mozart and Haydn at once into comparison with Beethoven. If we consider the lives of the two former, and contrast them with one another, a transition becomes apparent in respect to the external appointments of life, from Haydn, through Mozart, to Beethoven. Haydn was and remained a prince's attendant, and had, as a musician, to provide for the entertainment of his pomp-loving lord: temporary interruptions, such as his visits to London, altered the practice of his art but little in its character; for there, too, he was never more than a musician recommended to and paid by men of rank. Submissive and devout, the peace of a benevolent, cheerful disposition remained his to a good old age: only, the eye which looks at us from his portrait is filled with a soft melancholy.—Mozart's life, on the contrary, was an unbroken struggle for a peaceful, secure existence, while his existence was really destined to remain peculiarly full of hardships. Caressed, when a child, by half Europe, he found, as a youth, every gratification of his vivaciously aroused inclinations rendered difficult even to most oppressive hardship, only, from his entrance upon the age of manhood onwards, to sink in misery toward an early death. Musical attendance upon a princely master at once became unendurable to him; he sought to support himself from

the applause of the great public,—gave concerts and "Academies;" his fugitive earnings were sacrificed for the enjoyments of life. If Haydn's prince continually demanded new entertainment, Mozart was none the less compelled to provide something new, day by day, to attract the public; fugitiveness in conception, and in execution according to acquired routine, becomes a chief basis for the explanation of the character of their works. Haydn wrote his truly noble masterpieces only after he had become an old man and was in the enjoyment of comforts secured to him by home and foreign reputation. But Mozart never attained that: his finest works were sketched between the arrogance of the moment and the anxiety of the coming hour. So a remunerative attendance on a prince presented itself before his soul as, after all, the longed-for means of procuring a life more favorable to artistic productivity. What his Emperor withheld from him,—a King of Prussia offered: he "remained true to his Emperor,"—and perished miserably for it.

Had Beethoven made his choice of manner of life in accordance with cold considerations of reason, that could not have guided him with greater certainty, in view of the history of his two great predecessors, than he was in fact guided by the naïve expression of his inborn character. It is astonishing to see how everything here was decided by the powerful instinct of nature. That instinct speaks quite plainly to us in Beethoven's abhorrence for a life tendency like Haydn's. A glance at young Beethoven probably sufficed, also, to put any prince out of the notion of making him his chapel master. But the complexion of his peculiarities of character appears more remarkable in those of its features which preserved him from a fate such as Mozart's. Like him, placed entirely without means in a world where only the useful pays, while the beautiful is rewarded only when it flatters the senses, and the sublime must remain without any return whatever, Beethoven, in the first place, found himself debarred from inclining the world to himself by the beautiful. His physiognomical constitution expressed with overpowering pregnancy, that with him, beauty and softness must pass for identical. The phenomenal world had limited access to him. His eye, almost uncomfortably piercing, perceived in the external world nothing else than vexatious disturbances of his inner world, and warding them off constituted almost his sole rapport with that external world. So the spasm became the expression of his contentance: the spasm of defiance kept his nose, his mouth in that tension which could never relax into smiles, but only into unnatural laughter. If it is held to be an axiom of physiology for high intellectual endowments that a great brain must be enclosed in a thin, delicate skull, as if to facilitate the immediate cognition of external things, we saw, nevertheless, upon the inspection of his remains a few years ago, in conformity with the entire skeleton a skull of unusual thickness and firmness. So did nature guard in him a brain of extreme tenderness, in order that it might look towards the interior only, and carry on in undisturbed repose the world-contemplation of a great heart. What that exceedingly robust strength enclosed and preserved was an inner world of such conspicuous delicacy, that, left defenceless to the rough touch of the external world, it would have gently dissolved and evaporated,—as did Mozart's genius of light and love!

Now let us say to ourselves how such a being must have looked at the world from within such a massive frame!—Certainly the inner impulses of that man's will could never, or but indistinctly, determine his apprehension of the external world; they were too violent, and, at the same time, too gentle, to be able to cling to one of the phenomena upon which his glance fell only in timorous haste, or in that mistrust felt by one constantly unsatisfied. Nothing here involved him even in that transient illusion which was able to entice Mozart forth from his inner world, in the mania for external enjoyment. A childish gratification in the dissipations of a great and voluptuous city could scarcely touch Beethoven at all, for the impulses of his will were much too strong to permit him to find the slightest satisfaction in such superficial, motley pursuits. If his inclination to solitude, especially, was nourished by this, that inclination, again, coincided with his destined independence. A wonderfully sure instinct guided him in this respect, and became the main incentive to the manifestations of his character. No cognition of reason could have directed him more plainly than did this irresistible bent of instinct. What led Spinoza to support himself by glass-cutting—what filled our Schopenhauer with that anxiety to preserve his little inheritance unimpaired, which determined his whole outer life, and, indeed, inexplicable traits of his character,—i. e., the discernment that the veracity of philosophical investigations is seriously

endangered by dependence upon the necessity of earning money by scientific labor, that fixed Beethoven in his defiance towards the world, as well as in the almost coarse inclinations manifested in his choice of manner of life.

Beethoven was really forced to support himself from the proceeds of his musical labors. But as nothing enticed him to secure for himself a cheerful, agreeable manner of life, he had less necessity for rapid, superficial labor, or for concessions to a kind of taste which is only to be reached through the pleasing. The more he thus lost connection with the outer world, so much the more clairvoyant was his glance into the inner world. The more confident he became in the employment of his inner wealth, so much the more confidently did he make his demands outward, and he actually required from his benefactors, that they should no longer pay him for his compositions, but so provide for him that he might work altogether for himself, unconcerned as to the rest of the world. And it really happened,—a thing unprecedented in the lives of musicians,—that a few benevolent men of rank pledged themselves to keep Beethoven independent in the sense demanded. Arrived at a similar turning-point in his life, Mozart sank prematurely exhausted. The greatness of the benefit conferred upon Beethoven, although he did not long enjoy it uninterruptedly or without diminution, founded, nevertheless, that peculiar harmony which, from that time on, was manifested in the Master's life, howsoever strangely constituted. He felt himself a victor, and knew that he belonged to the world as a free man only. The world was obliged to accept him as he was. He acted like a despot towards his benefactors, who were noblemen of high rank, and nothing was to be had from him, save what, and when, he pleased.

But he never felt a desire for anything save what now alone, and continually occupied him, the magician's play with the shapes of his inner world. For the outer world now became extinct to him,—not because blindness robbed him of the power of seeing it, but because deafness finally kept it at a distance from his hearing. The ear was the only organ through which the external world could still crowd in upon him and disturb him: it had long since died away to his eye. What did the enraptured dreamer see, when, staring fixedly before him with open eyes, and animated alone by the waking state of his inner world of tones, he wandered through the motley crowded streets of Vienna? The beginning and increase of his infirmity pained him greatly, and disposed him to profound melancholy: after complete deafness had set in, no serious complaints were heard from him, even over the loss of the capability of hearing musical performances; only, the intercourse of life, which, in itself, had no charms for him, was rendered difficult, and he now avoided it more and more decidedly.

A musician without hearing!—Is a blind painter to be imagined?

But we have heard of a blind Seer. The deaf Musician, who, undisturbed by the bustle of life, only heard the harmonies of his soul, and spoke from its depths to that world which to him had nothing more to say, now resembled Tiresias, from whom the phenomenal world was withdrawn, and who, in its stead, discovered the basis of all phenomena. So does genius, when emancipated from everything external to itself, exist wholly in and for itself. What wonders must have been disclosed to one who was, at one time, able to see Beethoven, with the vision of Tiresias: a world wandering among men,—the abstract-self of the world, as a wandering man!

And now the musician's eye became enlightened from within; he now cast his glance upon phenomena also, which, illuminated by his inner light, were re-impacted in wonderful reflex to his soul. Now again the essential nature of things alone spoke to him, displaying them to him in the calm light of beauty. He now understood the forest, the brook, the meadow, the blue æther, the merry throng, the pair of lovers, the song of birds, the flight of clouds, the roaring of the storm, the bliss of beautifully moved repose. All his seeing and shaping now became permeated with that wondrous serenity which was first imparted to music through him. Even the lament, which is so inwardly original to all tone, hushes itself into smiles: the world regains its childish innocence. "To-day art thou with me in Paradise"—who does not hear the Redeemer's words call to him, as he listens to the "Pastoral Symphony?"

That power of shaping the incomprehensible, the never-seen, the never-experienced, which, however, through it become most immediate experience of most evident comprehensibility,—now grows with him. The joy in exercising this power becomes humor: all the pain of existence is wrecked upon the immense pleasure derived from the play with

it; the creator of worlds, Brahma, laughs to himself as he perceives the illusion with reference to himself: regained innocence plays jestingly with the thorns of unexpiated guilt, the emancipated conscience banisters itself with the torments it has undergone.

Never has an earthly art created anything so serene as the symphonies in A, and F major, with all of those works of the Master, so intimately related to them, which date from that divine period of his complete deafness. Their effect upon the listener is precisely that of emancipation from all guilt, just as the effect of our return to the phenomenal world is precisely that of a squandered paradise. So do those wonderful works preach repentance and amendment of life, in the deepest sense of a divine revelation.

The Jubilee—A Retrospect.

(From the Daily Advertiser.)

II.

Speaking of the musical aspect of the Jubilee, we have thus far dealt exclusively with points on which there is a practical unanimity of opinion. To our list of successful features of the affair we must add the appearance of Herr Johann Strauss and the instruction and enjoyment derived from his unique method of conducting. It is not likely that Mr. Zerrahn or Mr. Theodore Thomas, or any other eminent American conductor, will desire or attempt to imitate the peculiarities of the Viennese method; but it is equally certain that these and other intelligent musicians, who have the opportunity of studying Herr Strauss's style, will gain many new and valuable ideas to be used in eliciting the melodious harmonies of the fascinating concert waltz. Of the select orchestra itself and its work very little can be said that is not common-place and that was not plainly foreseen. Made up almost wholly of professional musicians, ready, skilful and "subservient to command," it was scarcely possible that it should make any serious failure; and, indeed, it is to be credited in its performance of dance music with a high degree of absolute success. But there were the ever-present obstacles of the size of the auditorium and the unwieldiness of its own numbers, which, steadily operating, either singly or together, made it impossible for such fine effects to be produced as have been frequently heard from Mr. Thomas's and Mr. Zerrahn's orchestras in the Music Hall. If any proof were needed of the truth of this, it would be found in the character of the selections presented. In this respect the Jubilee of 1872 was far behind that of 1869, not a single symphonic fragment even being performed on the latter occasion, and the instrumental repertoire of 1872 being narrowed down to a few operatic overtures, military marches, waltzes and polkas, which were given over and over again. Considering the difficulties with which it had to contend the orchestra did finely; but, judged by the absolute success obtained on less pretentious occasions, its efforts were not especially impressive except in the one particular already noted.

In summing up the results of the choral work of the festival we desire above all things to do justice to the chorus itself and to the spirit of conscientious fidelity which animated the great majority of its members. The mere assemblage of such a body, after months of careful preparation, was an impressive circumstance, and when we consider the amount of assiduous and self-denying exertion which this preparation involved, the cheerful patience with which for more than a week the great company of singers bore the fatigues and hardships of their daily labors at the concerts, and the comparatively slender share in the popular acclamations with which they were rewarded, we congratulate the Commonwealth upon the possession of material so well adapted for the advancement of the divine art. The test of genuine devotion to art is ever the willingness to sacrifice one's self in its service, and the history of the jubilee chorus furnishes the best possible proof of the gain which our community has made in this direction. Nor do we deny that a surprising degree of precision and skill was obtained, considering the obstacles presented—as in the case of the orchestra—by the size of the building and the number of the performers. And we take this occasion to express our high admiration and appreciation of the great ability and patience which distinguished the efforts of the gentlemen who trained the chorus and to whom the measure of success attained is largely due; the combination of mental and moral endowments—to say nothing of professional—exhibited by Mr. Zerrahn, for example, in the accomplishment of his work was nothing short of remarkable. But, after everything has been granted that can be granted, the truth remains that the chorus obtained nothing more than a *succès d'estime*. In the way of

the finer effects of vocal shading and coloring nothing could be accomplished which was worthy of direct comparison with the efforts of smaller bodies. Even a good degree of precision could not be obtained from the entire body of twenty thousand singers except in the performance of smooth, broad chorals with a steady and rather slow movement. For anything else the chorus was too large—twice too large, or more than that—and to this fact we have the earnest testimony of many of the most serious and intelligent members of the chorus, a résumé of which was printed in this paper some two weeks ago.

Touching the power and impressiveness of the volume of tone emitted by the chorus, we prophesied in our leader of May 31 that it would be disappointingly out of proportion to the number of singers. If there is one person of any critical knowledge and of the slightest experience in listening to choral societies who now disputes this proposition, we should be glad to know it. And in the simple assertion of this fact we disclose the ignorance and silliness of the blatherskite in which the principal New York papers—with the worthy exceptions of the Tribune and the Evening Post—have indulged themselves. Besides the "Anvil Chorus," of which almost everybody became heartily sick, and the Star Spangled Banner with its cannon accompaniment, there was not a noisy piece in the entire list of programmes. And during the choral performances the auditor, though stationed in the most favorable position, was inexpressibly teased and disturbed by the lack of power in the passages marked *forte* and *fortissimo*. Some persons, in discussing this subject, have said that the weakness of effect was chargeable upon the size of the building and not upon the inefficiency of the chorus, but even if this were true, it must be remembered that the number of the chorus and the size of the building are inseparably connected. As a writer in the Cincinnati Gazette has well observed, "it is unavoidable that the great chorus and the great audience must occupy space in proportion to their magnitude, and as the sound of many voices reaches no farther than the sound of one, this space must inevitably diminish the effect." To every listener, therefore, whose position in the "Coliseum" was remote from the stage, the effect was necessarily very weak, when the numbers of the singers and the effects produced by a Music Hall chorus were considered; but even at a moderate or trifling distance from the platform no such tremendously grand and overpowering results were obtained as have been constantly experienced at the oratorios produced by the Handel and Haydn Society—the explanation being partially found, no doubt, in the law that imperfectly harmonized sounds destroy each other. During the performance also of every choral number in quick time, a perfect jumble of sounds reached the ears of those whose seats were close to the stage,—the difference in the distance of the listeners from the nearer and from the more remote singers being sufficiently great to blend together the sounds of successive notes. It is useless to fly in the face of the laws of acoustics—especially when they have been demonstrated to be true in experience as well as in theory; and the lessons of the Jubilee will be but poorly learned if it has not taught us that the artistic results from the performances of choruses twenty regiments strong are sure to be unsatisfactory and unworthy of their numbers and their preparation.

Looking at the festival as a whole, there can be little doubt that the good decidedly preponderated in its concerts over the bad. It brought together a company of foreign artists which could never have been gathered in this country upon any other occasion; and it stimulated the love of music throughout the country. It had obvious imperfections and limitations, especially in the scope, freshness and variety of the compositions presented; but it has given a new and mighty impetus to the wave of art enthusiasm which is soon, as we hope and believe, to spread itself over the length and breadth of the land.

The First Day of the Jubilee.

(From the Providence Journal.)

Boston, June 17th, 1872.

While the ponderous tone masses of the grand jubilee opening are still ringing in my ears, I propose to give you a few impressions of its effect upon me. While I admire the courage and perseverance that can conceive and carry out, even with limited success, the immense undertaking of bringing together the heretofore unheard of numbers of vocal and instrumental performers, and so marshaling and training them in their various and wide-apart localities, that in the first day of their coming together they produce musical effects but little short of the sublime, I cannot gush over the performance as a whole, with the enthusiasm of many who seem to

feel that any fault-finding is hypercritical and uncalled for. I shall, however, speak of the performance as I found it, and praise or condemn as my judgment may dictate, and my taste discriminate.

The building itself is a marvel, of more tasteful design than the former Coliseum, and the decorations are in excellent taste throughout. It would be difficult to give you an idea of the immensity of the building, but when you realize the fact that it is large enough to seat comfortably the whole population of Providence, you will have some impression of its extent and capacity. So far as possible, too, everything has been carried out on the most liberal scale, in regard to the needs and comforts of the performers and the public. Of course it should be expected that on the opening day there would be some shortcomings and annoyances; but these will soon be regulated, and there will be no cause of complaint of anything that admits of remedy. The series of concerts was opened with a prayer by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Trinity Church, Boston, and though his voice is powerful beyond the ordinary, yet it scarcely could be heard beyond a very limited circle of earthly listeners. Next came an address of welcome by William Gaston, Mayor of Boston, which reached the ears of but a small number of the audience. After him followed General Banks, with an inaugural oration, which was doubtless excellent in its way, but being rather long for the occasion, the audience became impatient and applauded him down. The concert opened with the grand choral *Old Hundred*. The melody was first given out by the powerful organ, after which the combined forces of the "twenty thousand" singers, the "two thousand" instrumentalists and the organ took up the theme with a steadiness of movement and breadth of tone that was really sublime, filling every corner of the vast building with a richness of melody and harmony quite indescribable. If the following numbers of the programme had kept pace with that first effort, I should have nothing but praise to report to you. But it was after all the great thing of the entertainment, and I never expect to hear the like again. Mr. Gilmore conducted it, but so nervously and unsteadily that I wondered how the great mass should march so steadily onward in spite of him. The second piece was by the grand orchestra, most admirably led by Zerrahn,—the overture to *Rienzi* by Wagner. The work is not a favorite with me, the ideas being crude, and the effect noisy, without breadth or originality. The performance, in spite of good leadership, was very indifferent, and, toward the close, just escaped a break-down. No. 3, a chorus from Costa's oratorio of "*Naaman*," was also indifferently rendered—to my great disappointment; for I thought its steady martial movement would carry it through safely, beyond a peradventure; but it dragged heavily towards the close, and the voices failed to take up the theme with the promptness required to give it the proper effect.

No. 4, a piano solo from the *Prophète*, by Herr Franz Bendel, was almost an absurdity, the tone of the instrument, in the vast space, sounding like a *clavier* of Mozart's time. It was doubtless a clever performance, and the Herr seemed to work very hard to make it so, but it was a *faux*, nevertheless. No. 5, "Farewell to the Forest"—a four part song by Mendelssohn, was fairly rendered, but it was far better done on a former occasion by the Handel and Haydn Society. No. 6, the "*Inflammatus*," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, had very fair treatment from Madame Rudersdorf, chorus and orchestra. The solo was somewhat hard and strained in the effort to fill the house, but the delicious music sang itself into the hearts of the listeners so deeply as to silence criticism. No. 7, concluding the first part, was only a partial success. Written for solo voices, with a filling up for the chorus, it cannot be rendered by even a "Bonquet of one hundred and fifty artists" without destroying the effect intended by the composer. The voices were not always in tune, and it lacked the promptness of movement that is required for its due effect. It was encored and repeated, however, more I think on account of the beauty of the music than for its execution. We have not time or space to enumerate the pieces of the second part; on the whole, they were no better—no worse than those of the first, and the prolonged entertainment was getting a little tiresome. The United States Marine Band played a selection of American, English and French airs, with good effect, which was much applauded and encored. Instead of repeating a portion of it, they played a long, uninteresting overture, which sadly exhausted both time and patience. The "*Star Spangled Banner*" was given admirably in the first verse, but the second dragged fearfully, giving further evidence that Mr. Gilmore is not a good conductor of voices, however skillful he may be as a band leader. The third verse was much like the first, a solo given by Mrs. Houston West being taken up a quartet of a tone

sharp, the effect of which was simply excruciating. Strauss and his Danube Waltz were capital. The Anvil Chorus was no better and no worse than in the former time, but always effective. The audience was neither large nor very enthusiastic. I should judge there were about nine thousand persons present. This in a place made to accommodate forty (?) thousand, looked rather shy.

But the crowd from a distance has not begun to gather yet—the second, third and following concerts will doubtless make a very different show.

I would advise every one who can to hear at least one concert of the series, for the sight alone of the vast building and the mass of people under its roof will well repay one for the cost and trouble. I have but little faith in the good musical effect upon the public of such monster gatherings—it seems to me unwholesome food that will produce unhealthy growth in the divine art, if any at all; but there are many who think otherwise, and I will not at present discuss the matter, but let time decide.

The True Waltz Tempo.—Strauss in New York.

[From the Weekly Review, July 13.]

Let us confess that we have learned something from Herr Johann Strauss. Let us admit that we were wrong and that he has set us right. It has been our practice to play waltzes too fast; at a tempo, indeed, that left light and shade out of the question. We have often adverted to this dizzy pace, and condemned it for its expressionless impetuosity. A waltz should picture a gliding grace, and not a dizzy, whirling madman.

Hear a waltz played by Thomas's orchestra and the same by Strauss's band and you hardly recognize it as the identical piece. Not only does the former take the tempo altogether too quick, but fails, consequently, to give it that variety of expression without which the performance is mere mechanism. This quality is required in waltzes as well as in symphonies and overtures. Strauss's waltzes are splendid compositions, and are acknowledged by all our first class musicians to be the best we have. Their very excellence implies that they ought to be played with genuine significance.

It is really wonderful how a *pianissimo* or a *forte*, a *ritardando* or a *crescendo*, an emphatic accent or other mark of expression animates, improves and heightens the effect of a piece. It gives it life and color at once, and this has been observed and will never be forgotten by all who have heard Strauss's waltzes performed under Strauss direction. He is, beyond question, a splendid and masterly conductor, and deserves all the applause he has received in Boston and New York. He has opened the eyes of the American people to the proper waltz tempo, and we cannot help thinking that a great reform will take place with us in the performance of his pieces. We have had an opportunity of hearing how he designed and wants them to be played, and let us profit by the instruction.

The three grand orchestral concerts at the Academy of Music, over which Strauss has presided, were brilliant triumphs of instrumentation. The first, on Monday evening, opened with the overture to "William Tell" (Rossini), with the orchestra under the baton of Mr. Carl Bergmann. Under the same direction the orchestra, composed of sixty-two select instrumentalists, performed Meyerbeer's "Marche aux Flambeaux," the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin" (Wagner), and the overture to "Rienzi" (Wagner). We all know how Bergmann can conduct. His forces proved most efficient, kept admirably together, and did themselves and their director great credit, especially in rendering Wagner's two pieces, which were done in a manner that convinced the most prejudiced and sceptical present that Wagner has a delicious vein of true melody as well as higher claims to our admiration. With such interpreters the public cannot fail to learn and appreciate Wagner's greatness.

Mr. Johann Bonawitz, in the first part, played the "Tannhäuser" March, arranged as a pianoforte solo by Liszt, and in the second another pianoforte solo founded on Luther's Hymn, arranged by Bonawitz himself. These pieces were finely performed, but in playing the former the octaves for the left hand were, on account of the excessive heat, anything but clear in their delivery. The latter piece is not very effective, except in the *finale*.

Strauss, as may be gathered from what we have promised, gave his waltz, "Künstler Leben" (Artist Life), in slower time than that in which it is taken by Thomas, but the effect was so delightful that an encore was a foregone conclusion; it took the shape of one of his beautiful polkas. The "Circassian March" is a very original and characteristic compo-

sition, by Strauss, and was played in brilliant style. We could take no exception to its performance, unless to the introduction of singing by the orchestra, which reminds us too palpably of our negro minstrels. His famous, favorite waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," was given with even more than its usual *déclat*. A double encore was imperatively demanded, and on the second response assumed the form of his "Tritsch Tratsch Polka." His "Pizzicato Polka" proved a bright and marvellous piece of execution. The *pianissimos* and *crescendos* were perfect. Thrice in succession was this charming gem presented, to satisfy the delighted and almost insatiable craving of the public, that seemed to grow by what it fed on.

Wednesday evening's concert was thronged and brilliant. The overture "Jubel" (Weber) was magnificently played by the orchestra, under Mr. Bergmann's direction—we cannot remember when we have heard it better done—and the second *finale* of "Macbeth" (Verdi), the overture to Rossini's "Siege of Corinth" and the March from Wagner's "Tannhäuser" were given, each in appropriate style, equally admirable. Mr. J. A. Bonawitz's pianoforte solo, "Schlummer Lied" (Schumann), and "Scherzo" (Chopin), was most scientifically performed, and, though well received, deserved far more applause than it won. The first half of his solo in second part, "Album Leaf," an *improvisé* composed by the performer, is very pretty, resembling in character some of Mendelssohn's songs without words. It had a pleasing effect, but the other half, Liszt's "Chromatic Galop," was started at too rapid a tempo, and as it coursed on lost clearness of articulation. Pianists should beware of such hasty outlets, lest the growing pace and excitement carry them beyond their executive capacity. The flow of melody through the Strauss portion of the programme was clear and brilliant as that of a mountain brook. The waltz "Tausend und eine Nacht," the polka "Tritsch Tratsch," the waltz "Morgenblätter" (Morning Papers), and the polka "Annen" were given in all their bright and charming color, and "painted" in perfection, winning double encores, and thus introducing other sparkling favorites. The orchestra was superb, and whatever envy or ill-nature may say to the contrary, kept together like the Macedonian phalanx, and marched to harmonious victory with the certainty of the Roman legion.

A Talk with Mr. Strauss.

[From the New York Sun, July 13.]

A Sun reporter had an interview with Johann Strauss, the famous Austrian composer, yesterday. Mr. Strauss has a magnificent suite of rooms in the Clarendon Hotel. The entrance is guarded by a footman who receives innumerable cards, letters and notes, and who is occasionally relieved by a pretty servant girl, whom Mrs. Strauss has brought with her from Vienna. Mrs. Strauss has another maid, so that there are three servants to take care of the composer and his wife. The latter has noble blood in her veins, having been born a countess; and two maids for a travelling countess is surely not too much.

Johann Strauss was standing in the centre of his room when the reporter entered. He is 45 years old, tall, good looking, has a black moustache, long, flowing black whiskers, a fine forehead, black hair which is brushed back, a quick, expressive eye, and an honest, genial expression of countenance. He was elegantly dressed after the latest Viennese fashion. Any one seeing him walk down Broadway would take him to be some swell from Murray Hill. Johann Strauss is evidently a ladies' man. He is neat rather handsome, and has very agreeable manners. He talks very naïvely, as if he was speaking entirely without reserve or constraint.

HOW STRAUSS LIKES AMERICA.

The Sun reporter asked the famed composer how he liked America.

Johann Strauss (in German—he does not speak any English)—Oh! this country is superb, magnificent. I never had an idea of the grandeur of this country, and I never would have thought that there is so much appreciation of good music here.

Here a card was sent in: "Das geht so den ganzen lieben Tag," he said.

Reporter—How do you like Boston?

Johann Strauss—I did not like it. Boston is Puritanical, stupid, dull. There is no life in the street. There is no display of elegance or luxury. The women are homely, and do not dress nicely. I do not like Boston. But with New York I am perfectly charmed (mit New York bin ich ganz entzückt).

MRS. STRAUSS.

Here Frau Strauss entered. She is a brunette, has a very pleasant face, and is very ladylike. She was dressed with exquisite taste after the latest Vien-

nese fashion. She greeted the reporter cordially, and addressed him in very good English, but when she found that the reporter spoke German, she said, very good naturedly, "Ach, das ist ja prächtig; da koennen wir ja Deutsch sprechen." (Why, this is perfectly splendid; then we can speak German).

Frau Strauss—I think we should stay longer if it were not for this terrible heat. You know it's very hot in Vienna, but this heat is perfectly monstrous. Last night we could not sleep a wink; we did not sleep five minutes in the whole night, and still the clerk says he has given us the coolest rooms in the house.

WOULDN'T LEAVE VIENNA FOR THE WORLD.

Reporter—Could you not make up your mind to stay in this country?

Frau Strauss (laughing and showing her teeth, which are very pretty)—Oh, dear, dear no, not for the whole world. We would not leave Vienna for the world. We have everything so charming there; there are a thousand ties that bind us to Vienna. We live in Hietzing, right out of the city, in our own house, which we occupy all by ourselves. We live in English style, have our horses and carriages, ride and drive where we want to, and have everything our hearts can wish for. This hotel is much better than the St. James Hotel; but still, you know, hotel life is not what home life is.

Here Herr Strauss came back from the other room, whither he had withdrawn, to talk with a visitor. Three cards were sent in. "Engaged," was the answer in every instance.

STRAUSS'S LOVE FOR MUSIC.

Reporter—Were you very fond of music when a child?

Herr Strauss—Oh, yes, very fond. I was trained for the opera originally, but when I had composed my first waltz my career was decided.

Reporter—How old were you then?

Herr Strauss—I was seven then. I will send you this waltz; it has never been published. I am now collecting the best American compositions, in order to publish them in Germany.

Reporter—When do you compose, in the daytime or at night?

Herr Strauss—Altogether at night. I don't know of a single waltz that I composed in the daytime. *Du lieber Herrgott!* (Thou dear Lord!) Do you know how much I pay here for a shave? Fifty cents! fifty cents! a whole guilder! *Ist das nicht schanderhaft!* There is one thing that is very poor here, the beer. Oh! in that respect this country is very deficient, very.

DOESN'T LIKE AMERICAN BEER.

Reporter—I thought the beer here was better than in Germany.

Herr Strauss—Oh! dear, dear, no! No comparison. It's awfully bad here, and I am actually sick for want of our delightful Vienna beer.

Frau Strauss—The beer is thick and heavy here. Oh! its very poor.

Herr Strauss (smacking his lips and throwing himself back in his chair, in an attitude of rapture)—The beer in Vienna is divine, divine (*goettlich*). Go to Vienna, drink beer, and die. *Goettlich, goettlich!* But in every other respect New York is charming. Life here must be very pleasant. New York is much more gay than London. What a bustle, what an uproar there is here all the time.

MRS. STRAUSS ON BROADWAY.

Frau Strauss—Oh! Broadway is so magnificent. What a throng of vehicles all the time. Why, the Ring (the finest street of Vienna) is nothing compared to Broadway as far as life and bustle are concerned. The horses are here much finer than in Vienna. I have been in the Central Park. It's superb; much finer than our Prater. I have seen all the celebrated parks in Europe, but I never saw one that surpassed the Central Park in grandeur and beauty.

Here Herr Strauss was called away. Frau Strauss spoke of the Grand Duke Alexis. She said he and his two brothers used to come to her husband's house in St. Petersburg and blow on the cornet apiston. When her husband meets the Emperor Francis Joseph in the Imperial Gardens in Schoenbrunn, to which he is invariably admitted, the Emperor says, "Grass sie Gott, wie gehts?" (God greet you, how are you?) Her husband had a standing invitation to all the court festivities, being Knight of the Order of Francis Joseph. She said her husband had resigned all his positions, and did nothing now except working in his night-gown at home and composing operas, "which pays him infinitely." His last opera was produced sixty times in Vienna. For his services in Boston he had received \$25,000 (£5,000).

STRAUSS ON AMERICAN RAILROADS.

Herr Strauss (coming back)—I want to mention something else to you that is perfectly awful, monstrous. These are no fahnwächter (flagmen) on the railroads here. Why, it's perfectly monstrous.

Frau Strauss—My husband says he'd rather be killed at once, and be done with it, than to take another trip on an American railroad. He knows he'd be a dead man, anyhow.

Herr Strauss received here three or four more cards. "It goes like this all day," he said. "In Boston I was bored out of existence by people asking for autographs, and then I have about fifty callers a day who beg for money. They are in every instance Germans. Not one American has begged of me."

The reporter took his leave, thanking Herr Strauss for his kindness. Herr Strauss gave the reporter a cigar, which he said was as good in any in Vienna, and his photograph. Then he said: "I am glad to have seen you. You are a nice, amiable fellow."

The reporter blushed, and bade the famous composer good day.

The Garde Republicaine Band.

The famous band of the Garde Republicaine of France has won such a reputation in this country, that a brief description of its organization and the instruments used by its members, may be found interesting. The band was organized by M. Paulus in 1854. It was composed of fifty-four members, enlisted men who are entitled to a life pension after serving a term of twenty-five years. M. Paulus associated M. Maury with himself as *sous chef*. This band has always a long list of applicants ready to fill any vacancies that may occur. Each one must have served in another band of the line for at least two years, and must be able to read and write. The *Garde de Paris*, to which the band is attached, and which two years ago became the *Garde Republicaine*, is a regiment of 2600 men—2000 infantry and 600 cavalry. Like the Household Brigade in the English army, this regiment always remains at the capital. To be a member of the band necessitates a comparatively small amount of service, and each man can live wherever he pleases in Paris, wear citizen's clothes when off duty, and accept engagements wherever offered. Thus it is that nearly every member receives double pay. M. Maury is solo cornet at the Grand Opera. Three of the band are professors in the Paris Conservatory of Music. M. Silvestre, whom competent directors pronounced the smartest cornet player they had ever heard, is only 22 years old, but has played the cornet for twelve years. Well might Dan Godfrey say that he could not expect to beat a band of picked professional musicians. The band is organized on the model of Adolphe Sax, which has been adopted for the military bands of the French army. The organization consists in reproducing in military music all the dispositions of ordinary music, increased considerably in sonority, inasmuch as military music is so often called upon to be played in the open air, and as its warlike qualities are its first requisite. The instruments used by the band are the following: Two *grandes flutes* in c, two *petites flutes* in d flat, two *hautbois* in c, two *petites clarinettes* in e flat, eight *grandes clarinettes* in g flat, one soprano saxhorn in e flat, three contralto sopranos (?) in g flat, three cornets a piston, six saxophones, four trombones (with six pistons), three trumpets, two horns, three alto saxhorns, in e flat, two baritone in g flat, four basses (with four cylinders) in g flat, two contra-basses in g flat, one contra-bass in e flat, bass drum, two kettle drums and cymbals. M. Sax explains the organization as follows:—

"I have created for the bass, corresponding to the quartet of strings, the numerous family of saxhorns, around which are grouped, in families as complete as possible, all the episodic instruments destined to form a sonorous palette, and to bring forth a variety of tones. I have, guided always by the principle of forming complete groups, augmented or diminished the number of certain instruments, such as the clarinets, for example, augmenting the number of small ones in order to maintain the sharp register. (*le registre aigu*), always badly kept up by large clarinets. It will be remarked, in the music of the Paris Garde Republicaine, that there are many families of instruments with six pistons—trumpets, trombones, bass saxhorns, and contra bass in e flat and b flat. These instruments constitute one of my latest and most important inventions. By the reunion of seven independent tubes they give the chromatic series of the notes of the gamut in first harmonic sounds; that is to say, not resulting from any combination of different tubes, the sounds are consequently produced with a purity and mathematical precision, something which was impracticable, as every one knows, by means of

the old three piston instruments. As the differences of tone in the various instruments are not created by the matter which composes them, nor by the system of the mechanism, but rather arise from the proportion of the tubes, the process of the six pistons and seven independent tubes was applicable to all instruments with mouth-pieces, and I have applied it."

For the sake of comparison, we append a list of the instruments of the Kaiser Franz Grenadier Garde Band: Flute, piccolo, two oboes, two bassoons, two e-flat clarinettes, ten b flat clarinettes, four French horns, two tenor horns, two baritone, four trumpets, three cornets, four tubas, two contra bassoons, four trombones, two snare drums, bass drum, cymbals and *glockenspiel*.—*Courier*.

The New York Weekly Review gives the following table showing the respective constituents of the three bands:

	French Band.	German.	English.
Clarionets	9	14	16
Flutes	2	2	4
Oboes	4	2	1
Saxophones	6	—	—
Pistons	2	—	—
Bugles	3	—	—
Trumpets	3	4	2
Horns	2	4	4
Baritone	2	2	2
Bass	4	3	6
Contra Bass	3	—	—
Alto	4	2	4
Trombones	4	4	4
Petit Bugle	1	—	—
Cymbals	1	1	1
Drums	2	2	2
Bass Drums	1	1	1
Cornets	—	3	6
Fagotti	—	2	5
Contra	—	2	—
Total	53	48	58

"National Music Meetings" at the Crystal Palace.—Competitive Singing.

A London Correspondent of the Boston Courier writes:

While you Bostonians have been enjoying your monster Musical Jubilee we Londoners have been treated to something quite new in the musical way, namely: a competitive examination or trial of well-known vocalists. This idea originated with Mr. Wallert Beale, a well-known musician and journalist, and the scene of this novel performance was the Crystal Palace. It is difficult for English talent to get a hearing—harder for it to get a prize; but the Crystal Palace Company come forward, and are ready to decline no reasonable offer, and to present a *bona fide* prize to the candidates who win a fair field and no favor. Is it necessary to say that the winners leave the seat of contest with a reputation, to a great extent, made? One successful competition probably saves the singer some years of tedious and disheartening struggle to get before the public, and persons of real talent are thus able to start at once on their career. Meanwhile it must be confessed that a good many of the competitors are grotesquely and amusingly bad. On Thursday, June 27, the contest began. Those who had been selected to compete appeared, one by one, on the Handel Orchestra, and on a raised platform in front of them sat Mr. Sterndale Bennett, Sir Julius Benedict, and Signor Arditi. Six ladies appeared in succession. Some seemed confident, others timid, all more or less awkward, but there was little doubt about the winner, who came last, Miss Williams, who ought to succeed well; she has a good voice, good presence of mind, and nice taste. She is a pupil of Mr. Welch's. When her number (19) was hoisted up as the winner it was greeted with unanimous applause. She has evidently not yet formed her concert-room deportment. She bows to the enthusiastic audience as though she were vastly offended with them, and desired to be out of sight and hearing; but a slight stiffness of manner is, after all, preferable to the opposite extreme, and is of only the smallest importance when the singing is good. The gentlemen tenors were entertaining enough. One stepped forward with the utmost confidence, evidently believing intensely in his easy superiority, but he had not a chance—we were going to say, a voice. Another could not sing any of his runs and flourishes, but seemed quite unconscious of his defect; another sang flat, with the most winning smile, and we need not say the least winning voice. The winner again came last. Mr. Dudley Thomas was beyond comparison the best. He is a light, agreeable, and rather finished tenor, wanting in power but

not in sweetness, with good taste and an easy, unaffected style. At half past four o'clock a concert took place, at which Miss Williams and Mr. Dudley Thomas confirmed the good opinion which the judges and the public had already conceived. The following Saturday the contraltos, baritone, and basses competed, Signor Arditi, Mr. Barnby, and Dr. Wyld being judges. Miss Hancock, who has an agreeable and a good method, was the fortunate candidate. She will doubtless, please even more when she loses a little of the self-consciousness which is, perhaps, inseparable from the novelty of her situation. A sharp contest took place between the basses, Mr. Pope and Mr. Wadmore, both of them pupils of Signor Randegger. Mr. Wadmore—not at all a fierce bass, or a bass-looking gentleman at all—won. He is young and amiable in appearance—and if he aspires to do the dark villain on the stage, he will take a deal of dressing, or, as the Americans say, fixing up—but he seems to have pluck enough for anything. At the afternoon concert the winners—ladies and gentlemen—appeared and sang songs chosen for them almost at the last moment, thus displaying a great knowledge of music as well as readiness. It is true that *When Other Lips* and *Non piu andrai* are not very unknown songs; but still to sing, especially the latter, at a moment's notice, on such an occasion, requires nerve, which Mr. Wadmore certainly possesses. The concert was filled in by the admirable band of the Crystal Palace, under Mr. Manns, and the Crystal Palace choir. The other soloists were Miss Edith Wynne, who sang charmingly, Madame Patey, who was encored in Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Days*, and Mr. Santley. The Crystal Palace choir has wonderfully improved. During the week choral societies and bands of different sorts will compete, and on Saturday the distribution will take place, followed by a grand vocal and instrumental concert. The prizes range from £1000 to £30.

Whight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 27, 1872.

The Second Gilmore Jubilee.

II.

We have thus far spoken of the plan itself, and seen from what mixed motives it sprang, and what an ambiguous aspect it presented. Yet in the main it claimed to be a musical festival, "the greatest series of Concerts ever given in the world!"

Leaving aside therefore, for the present, "Peace, and Patriotism, and the 'glory of Boston,'" and the assumed "international" importance of the affair, simply looked upon as Music, what did it amount to? What was realized in Art, for Art, for musical taste and culture in a true and profitable sense? Admitting fully all that may be claimed as to the beauty and commodiousness of the great Coliseum,—that magical creation of a night almost,—literally the work of six weeks, a fair and stately structure large enough to hold the population of a small city, cheaply but tastefully decorated, charming the eye with a fine harmony of lines and colors, and that free wavy play of flags and streamers which is so like the form of music, its admirable ventilation and its cheerful aspect; admitting the inspiration of the scene, the living presence of two vast multitudes there face to face, the singers and the sympathizers (if one could only count under the latter head the restless crowds who, whether because they could not hear, or because a vague curiosity rather than music brought them, wandered about in ceaseless tramp through the surrounding corridors!); admitting too, not without pride, the perfect right of our good City to admire herself there in so large a mirror of her most exemplary good order, peace and cheerful courtesy, and the good impression that it evidently made on strangers (though why would so many people talk aloud and move about when much of the music was so soft!); cheerfully conceding all praise to the executive energy and the organizing skill which made so many forces work together to one end; and never doubting that there was a great deal of pure enjoyment and even quickening experience of life in those great crowds,

from day to day; granting all this in as full measure as you please, the real question, after all, is: What about the Music?

And the first point that claims attention is the programmes. Now the ambiguity which we have seen in the Jubilee project as a whole was sure to affect each and every programme. To a true programme, an artistic programme, the first essential is unity of motive. A good programme is like a good composition; it must all grow out of one good leading motive, to which all the other accompanying motives must stand in true relation of support or pleasing (never distracting, never unrelated, miscellaneous) contrast. Here, it must be confessed, the motives were terribly mixed. Read those opening programmes (and they were the best), which we have placed on our last page as specimens of passing follies of our age for curious readers in the future, should any chance to peep into our musty files. See what strange bedfellows are thus brought together. (And, by the way, we are told that the "Music Committee," a thing of names, and chiefly good for advertisement, was never called together or consulted,—so much the better for them.) The hobby of the great "Projector" we all know; he is nothing if not startling; his ruling passion is "to make a noise in the world;" "Anvil choruses, cannons, bells, and roaring, overwhelming sound waves are his element. It is true, most people who went there hoping or dreading a tremendous noise were disappointed, and the marvel that has made the most talk was, the gentleness, the softness of the sound of 20,000 voices even with all those auxiliaries. Nevertheless does anybody doubt that it meant noise? Kind Nature, with her wise acoustic laws and limitations, came to our relief. It was not Gilmore's fault that the artillery and bells disturbed the outside city more than they did the audience within, or that the hundred anvils, in a cad of a heavy blacksmith ring, produced a toy-like jingling sound as of so many sleighbells, not answering at all in loudness to the scarlet shirts they wore. (How feeble compared to the three or four anvils on the operative stage! But then an anvil is an industrial machine, and not a musical instrument, and perhaps in order to its true and hearty ring there must be something forged upon it, some useful metal interposed between the anvil and the hammer. Suppose Mr. G. should try it; hissing hot iron, sparks and blazing furnaces,—would not that make a rousing jubilee!). But of course this element had to go into the cauldron; no Gilmore jubilee without guns and anvils, and all sorts of clap trap. And for the sake of this, to give it ample room and scope, popular national hymns and airs, "Hail Columbia" and "Star Spangled Banner," "God save the Queen," the "Marseillaise," &c., as well as the sentimental "songs that everybody knows," sometimes ridiculously sung by 5,000 altos, alternating with as many tenors or basses, in unison, held in the long run the lion's share in these most incoherent programmes. All well enough, if nothing else had been attempted, if the design had only limited itself to that. Then there would have been unity of purpose, and the thing as a whole would have had a character, such as it was; a much more respectable character than can result from any mingling of incongruous ingredients, from any bringing together of things which do not belong together, out of a foolish ignorant ambition of the less to (seem to) include the greater. Then it would have been an honest Fourth-of-July affair upon an unprecedented scale, vastly interesting, no doubt, and perhaps beneficial to a very large class of people, though musical people, as such, might take comparatively little interest in it. For the enthusiasm of such occasions, the electric thrill of sympathy, the bravos and the flutter of white handkerchiefs, are not to any great degree a musical experience, do not spring so much from the music as from some social or patriotic sentiment with which the old tune has become associated. Here the "Projector" is in his element, here he has large publicity, and here in God's name let him celebrate and jubilate to his heart's content with all the sympathizers he can find; no reasonable being can object to it, if it will only seek to pass for simply what it is.

But no! That would not satisfy this vague, unlimited ambition. It must be a great feast of Music, a great musical event, "the greatest" in all history; this Fourth-of-July element must cover the whole field of Music, and the Gilmore baton flourish over Symphony and Oratorio, as well as "Hail Columbia!" Bach and Beethoven must be invited upon the same platform with the people's idols. They,

were they living, might decline the honor; for artists know and feel the difference of spheres, and if there is one law of life which music most persistently illustrates, it is that spheres are not to be confounded. Nevertheless bring them out and set them up there; having their music we have them; and as for living artists and composers, if the best be shy of such distinction as we offer, are there not always "available" ones, among artists as in all other classes, who, having fame such as it is, would like a little more and gold to boot? So raise the sign in blazing letters, which the world may read: The greatest music and the greatest artists all combined in our great musical World's Jubilee! So in this Yankee-doodle setting we have choruses from "Messiah" and "Creation" and "Elijah," even a whole Oratorio of Handel; Chorales by Bach naively set up (or down) in a row with homely old New England Psalm-tunes (for these too were represented in the mixed motives and the managing Committee); classical Overtures (a few); Italian Opera Selections, for which a "Bouquet of Artists" are flatteringly enlisted as a sort of legion of honor; and whatever else was easily available under the head of classical or high Art, old or modern. And all for what? Not because such things belonged in this strange element; not that they might give tone and direction to a festival conceived in quite another spirit; not that "high Art," that Music in its highest sense should be exalted to a higher throne, surrounded with a ray more of divinity, than the most hacknied stock in trade of street, or choir or ball room music. Not for its own sake was the higher music brought into the plan, but only for its good name, to make the plan respectable, conciliate refined taste, and secure the coöperation of really artistic leaders and musicians, without whom it could hardly boast itself to be a musical festival in any very worthy sense. In short the classical pieces were pretty sure to pass (with thousands of the unmusical and unreflecting) for very good endorsement of the claptrap; it must be a true bill, for it bears the names of Handel, Bach and Beethoven upon the back; good company where they are, is it not?—But what if they are ill at ease, and not at all at home there! And even so it proved; for it was soon found that these were not the things that went best, or were heard best, or which seemed to be much in the spirit of the place and the occasion, or to the liking of the larger crowd congenial with that spirit. So, after a few days, the classical element began to be pushed more into the background; the best thing by far of all, in an artistic point of view, the "Israel in Egypt," which gave such tempting scope to the best powers of our Handel and Haydn Society, securing them for nucleus of the great chorus, came near being dropped out entirely, as it would have been, had it been "postponed" a week in the interest of the more paying matter of the programmes; for if there was one reason for postponement at the time, there would have been twenty at the week's end; and, as it was, though well performed, it was thrown away upon the smallest and most inattentive audience of the whole three weeks. Of course the more serious and valuable members of the chorus began to drop away, as the choral functions became reduced to repetition of the same old national airs and psalm tunes. And egotistic vanity, not competency, too often dictated the conductorship in the performance of these same classical compositions, so that you would hear an Overture, perhaps, with a man making the motions in dumb show before an orchestra, who heeded not but, smiling in their sleeves, played on as they knew how.

Another mixed motive, resulting in another incongruity and positive fatuity, lay in the piano-making interest which exercised a strong voice in the councils of the Jubilee. No one for a moment could be blind to the fact that solo performances on the Piano-forte must be thrown away upon the chief part of an audience in so vast a space. Yet in each programme such unheard, unheard of exhibitions had to figure, partly that the "Grand Orchestral Piano" might be advertised, and partly that the names and presence of some distinguished European virtuoso might advertise the Jubilee. Only less out of place there as a rule, with one conspicuous exception, were the vocal solos; and what could be more ludicrous (except the execution) than the bare announcement of a melody, say Abt's hacknied "Swallow" song, for which 5,000 voices are massed into one! We hope the rubicund composer will survive the compliment,—and the song too.

Then, again, there was the "international" ele-

ment, which entered as a motive, and more effectively, perhaps, than any other, being so well represented by those three noble European Bands; though how far anything international was really intended by the governments who sent them, or perhaps, more properly, permitted them to come, is more or less a matter of imagination. There was a graceful look of courtesy about it to be sure, and a sincere reciprocation of good feeling, to the credit and the satisfaction of all parties. At any rate it was a happy hit, and made the chief sensation of the Jubilee. But for the musical Art significance of European, or of any nations, one does not look first or mainly to the military Bands. If it were simply and ostensibly an international meeting or festival of Bands, competitive, or otherwise, that in itself would have a unity of character and might be a good thing; but that, though every country should be represented, and by its very best in that line, would by no means come up to the pretension of "the greatest musical event of the century;" because, musically considered, any Birmingham or Düsseldorf, or Boston Handel and Haydn Festival is really better. As a sensational device the Bands were capital; but it takes something besides Bands to make a musical Art festival; here, to be sure, there was something else,—thousands of instruments and voices, &c., &c.—but from the first the Bands took precedence, while chorus, orchestra, and all things classical had to accept the less conspicuous rôles, serving as frame-work or mere *remplissage*. Another sensation was the presence of the Vienna "Waltz king," STRAUSS, without his orchestra, but showing how he could electrify the orchestra he found before him. And there were the two famous foreign singers, the two famous pianists, and the German Emperor's Cornet Quartet (not a very significant contribution to the greatest of all Musical Festivals.), the genial and hearty looking sentimental part-song composer, ART; and a sprinkling of original compositions for the Jubilee by some half a dozen European composers, none of them of the highest rank, some of them unheard of here till now, while some of the most important of these contributions (a solo and chorus by Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, for instance, and the 150th Psalm by RANDEGGER, both written by request, the solos to be sung by Mme. RUDERSDORFF) were promised only, but not given. But the point is: taking all together, Bands, composers, solo artists, was here enough to constitute a really representative, significant, substantial contribution of the musical Art of Europe to an international music meeting of the highest order and pretension? Any single week during the musical season in London, Berlin, Leipzig, Paris, or Vienna, offers more of interest to a true music lover, than the Coliseum in its whole "heated term." You could not hear 20,000 singers there; but 20,000 singers are "no good," as the boys say.

To help out the sensational illusion of the "international" idea, the Jubilee was made a "song of degrees" or "Days." There was first the American day, of course, for that came on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. Then followed the English, the German, and the French day, which was very well so long as the three distinctive Bands held out. Then came the Austrian day, on which the only things Austrian were a "Kaiser" Overture on Austrian themes by Westmayer, rather a graceful composition, and Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube waltz;" then the Russian day, without a Band or note of Russian music, but for a chief novelty a choir of colored singers, with "cannon accompaniments," canonizing John Brown's soul "marching on." There was also an "Italian day," with no Italian music on the bill except Rossini's German Overture to "Tell." And there was an "Irish day," of course—for was not this "our new St. Patrick's" festival!—with some sort of an Irish Band trumped up for one of the last and hottest days, when the enthusiasm was chiefly spent upon procession through the streets. And there was President Grant's Day, and a Horace Greeley day, and Gilmore's own day, when all the Bands played, and all the patriotic songs and guns and anvils were in fullest blast. But in all this was Music paramount, or something else? Did St. Cecilia preside? Was Art remembered? And did Bach and Beethoven still keep their places on the equal platform?

But now for the result, the actual performance and effect. And fortunately here we have only for the most part to repeat what everybody else is saying; for, from the moment it became clear that the Jubilee would not succeed financially, it was marvellous with

what a freedom and alacrity of criticism so many even of the newspapers began to point out all the errors and short-comings and absurdities of the whole thing, and admit that the "unprecedented and gigantic musical success" was after all a failure!

Some features were successful, some were not. The least successful (counting out the solos) was just that which formed the glory of the former Jubilee, and which alone could justify the colossal proportions of the undertaking,—the great Chorus. *The Chorus simply undid what it achieved three years ago.* And not by any fault of its own, or of its chief instructor and Conductor, CARL ZERRAHN. It was simply a struggle against Nature. Twenty thousand singers were not only twice, but four or five times too many for good musical effect. That was clearly enough proved at the first Jubilee, when a Chorus of half the number did produce effects, by no means so fine as smaller choruses in proper music halls, but often very grand and beautiful, and on the whole successful. It turned out better than any sane musical mind expected, but did not work conviction as to any real gain from such great numbers. The experience was set down as exceptional; and exceptional it should have remained; strange that the lesson was not learned beyond necessity of repetition! Only a defiant and insane ambition could have seriously conceived the heaven-storming idea of piling another Ossa upon Pelion. There was a double fate against the valiant twenty thousand, devoted, earnest, full of a zeal truly musical, and thoroughly prepared, as a very large proportion of them, we know, were. (We do not take account of violations of discipline, signs of disintegration or demoralization, in the latter weeks so obvious, for these we fancy only came in after failure was a foregone conclusion.) In the first place, spread over so wide and deep a space, seated so far apart, they could not know whether they sang together; in the next place, even if they did sing perfectly together, to most auditors the tones, traversing such various distances, could not reach the ear at once, so that practically, as one writer has happily said, "it all sounded like a fugue." In plain, slow choral strains, composed of long notes only, such as "Old Hundred" and "Luther's Hymn" and the two Bach Chorales, the volume of tone was rich and sweet and grand, by no means overpowering, and all parts of the harmony were clearly made out—perhaps not always. Here it does not matter so much that there should be perfect precision of attack or rhythm; the harmonies may drag, and yet the effect be fine and the intentions of the music fully realized; to the imagination this is the effect of a strain pouring in wave upon wave from a vast multitude; there is a kind of musical perspective in it, which will not do at all in any quickly moving, polyphonic, imitative, involved composition; here all must be struck at once and heard at once, or it is all confusion. And in this way most of the more elaborate choruses more or less suffered, though some few of them in the first week, before the days of dissolution, made on hearers favorably placed a pretty fair impression. The best success of any was perhaps the unaccompanied part-song by Mendelssohn.—Nor did the chorus exercise its powers on nearly so much sterling matter as it did before. As we have said, it was but a left-handed hospitality that was extended to the classical selections; they went through with the form of introduction and were soon quietly bowed out. Beyond a few Chorales, Handel's "Hallelujah" and "See the conquering hero," Haydn's "The Heavens are telling," Mendelssohn's "Thanks be to God," "He watching over Israel," "Yet doth the Lord see it not," and "Sleepers awake," Mozart's *Gloria*, Rossini's *Inflammatus*, a chorus each by Bennett and by Costa, a chorus from Mr. PAINE's new Oratorio "St. Peter," a scholarly and clever work, but sacrificed, and a Hymn: "Peace and Music," written with more view to popular effect by Mr. DUDLEY BUCK, the mighty Chorus was merely heard in common Psalm-tunes, or rose to call in endless repetitions of the National Airs, &c., with boom of cannon. To this complexion, almost wholly, did it come at last. As a piece of honest, earnest, well accomplished work, upon a task worthy to inspire the best devotion, the performance of "Israel in Egypt" by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society for first chorus, and the Societies of Salem, Lynn and West Roxbury for second chorus,—in all from twelve to fourteen hundred voices—stands out as the one most honorable artistic deed in the whole festival,—and to it was least honor paid!

—But again our space is too contracted for doing justice to the other elements,—the great orchestra, the solo singers and pianists, the splendid foreign Bands, &c.,—as well as for some "improvements" of the lesson, as the old sermonizers used to say; for which we shall have to return to the unwieldy topic once more.

WHEATON SEMINARY. The following is the programme of a Soirée Musicale given at this institution on Wednesday evening, July 3, under the direction of Messrs. G. H. HOWARD and W. W. DAVIS, who have been laboring there with the right sort of zeal to increase the knowledge and the love of good music.

"Voga, Voga,".....Campana.
Symphony in G minor.....Mozart.
Recitative and Aria. "Ah! s'estinto,".....Mercadante.
Fantasia. "Fra Diavolo,".....Flotow.
Song. "Solito e Ben,".....Haydn.
Trio in E flat, for Violin and Violoncello.....Gumbert.
Duet. "Cheerfulness,".....Rossini.
"La Carita,".....Rossini.

NEW YORK, JULY 22. We all know where Orpheus wandered in search of his love; but such devotion falls before that which led some followers of the heavenly maid,—Music, to leave the cool breezes and refreshing shades of 95 for the Academy, where the thermometer is said to have ranged from 100 upwards. This remark is inspired by a statement of Mrs Grundy to the effect that the three Peschka-Leutner concerts which took place last week were well attended.

For myself I do not know. One old man at the club said that he attended the first concert and that it was a great success. As he was known to have no ear for music, this assertion was received with suspicion not unmixed with scorn, until it transpired that he was from Moscow, and regarded the entertainment as a species of steam-bath, with modifications and improvements. The assertion that the Orchestra laid aside their coats is without foundation, other than the fact that they looked as though they would like to do so. Mme. Peschka-Leutner is said to have been in good voice, and that she met with a warm welcome we may well believe. She was assisted by the so-called, Strauss Orchestra.

Johann Strauss gave three Orchestral Concerts in the Academy on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, July 8th, 10th, and 12th, and besides this there have been numberless concerts by the foreign bands.—All this would have been interesting but for the intense heat which made life a burden to us.

We look forward, however, to a fall season full of interest; for during the autumn and winter we shall hear more good music in New York than ever before. The Rubinstein concerts are even now definitely announced to begin Sept. 23rd, at St-inway Hall. The great pianist will have the support of Mr. Henry Wieniawski (violinist), Mlle. Louise Liebhart (a soprano well known in England), and Mlle. Louise Ormeul. M. Rubinstein is best known to the public here through his great Ocean Symphony, of which parts have been frequently played by the Thomas Orchestra at the Central Park Garden.

The man who has no music in his soul sits in a front seat at the Garden Concerts. The other night, while the Orchestra was playing the allegretto of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, this pleasing youth took a notion to smoke, and thereupon scratched an explosion match, which produced much snapping and fazing but no fire. Not to be discouraged, he tried another match, and still another,—always with the same result, and to the manifest annoyance of everyone within hearing, until, suddenly, the conductor's arm dropped to his side—the Orchestra paused, and amid perfect silence Thomas thus addressed this pleasing youth: "Go on, sir! I can wait until your match is lit." But the smoker, not to be outdone in politeness, would on no account go on, just at that time—and so the Orchestra was allowed to finish the Symphony. This is one out of many similar incidents which I have witnessed at the Garden during the summer. Perfect order is maintained there—but no rule can exclude ill breeding. In my next letter I will give a resumé of the programme.

A. A. C.

Taglioni.

THE QUEEN OF THE DANCE.

[From the London Echo.]

"I never refused jewels," said Mme. Taglioni, yesterday; "they were never offered me by private individuals, but I have received costly presents from royal personages." And well did this unconscious eulogium become the ex-Queen of the dance—the incomparable artist who earned a world-wide reputation for grace, flexibility and modesty. By this last and best ornament of womanhood she succeeded in elevating the dance to a position among the arts it had never previously attained, and to the laying aside of the "Taglioni" style must be attributed the decline of the modern ballet. For, in the main, people admire the beautiful, and soon discover that true beauty cannot exist without refinement and delicacy. It is not, perhaps, too much to hope that the return of Mme. Taglioni to London, when, so far as the stage is concerned, her dancing days are over, will promote a return to a style of dancing which pleases without demoralizing, and brings a smile instead of a blush to the face of beauty. In the five and twenty

years which have passed since her retirement, stage dancing has fallen greatly. The competition is now one of indelicate display rather than of artistic grace. It is a reproach to our time to turn back the pages of *Punch*, and to refer to the years when that genial master of the ceremonies wrote of Mme. Taglioni's then active and glorious career upon the stage; and no less is the decorous costume in which *Mr. Punch* represents her, a reproof to the artists of to-day, who seem not more inferior to her in powers of performance than they are in personal conduct.

"Yours must be a curious history," I said; "you have known so many remarkable persons." "So Count d'Orsay used to say," she replied; "he said he would give 100,000 francs to be allowed to publish my papers; but I never desired that kind of notoriety. I loved dancing for its own sake, and began to learn at nine years old, my father, an Italian dancer, being my teacher. I practiced six hours a day, till I was fifteen, when I made my *début* in Vienna in a piece entitled 'La Réception d'une Nymphe au Temple de Terpsichore.' At first I was rapturously applauded, and at my third performance I was called forty-two times before the curtain, till, becoming exhausted, I was carried off the stage. I was extremely active and slender in those days, and people used to say I lived in the air, and never touched the earth. I did touch it, however, *mais bien rarement, pendant*," she added, laughing. "I scarcely thought of the audience. I knew my father was watching me. I both loved and feared him, and danced for him alone. He was a severe teacher, but when my success was assured, he said, 'Had I told you at first you had talent, your progress would have been stopped. Self-conceit would have prevented effort, therefore I blamed rather than flattered.'"

This strict but judicious master died last year, at the advanced age of ninety-four. His daughter has always enjoyed excellent health, and as she says, "I would never know I was not young if I had not so much to remember." She insisted that "study is always required; no matter how well we know anything, we never know it well enough. Though I was considered the best dancer in the world, I continued to learn and practice two hours a day while I remained on the stage, and I always performed in the morning the dances intended for the evening. I constantly invented new steps and movements, and seemed to learn something every day; but when I left the theatre, I felt I had still much to learn." Like all those who have attained excellence in any art, she seems to believe less in genius than in diligent and unremitting labor, and her conversation is characterized by a singular modesty when we remember how, in her youth, she was *feted* and caressed. She alluded gravely, but not sadly, to her loss of fortune during the late war, but is hopeful for the future; for, after her long retirement, she is able to teach dancing as well as in her youth, though her flying days are over. "But flying," as she observed, "is only wanted for the profession, and I no longer teach for the stage, but only for the drawing-room." Mme. Taglioni is the widow of a French nobleman, the Comte Gilbert de Voisins, but she is best known by her maiden name of Marie Taglioni. She is very active, bright and charming in manner, is extremely *spirituelle*, and speaks several languages. In fact, she shows how attractive a lady of middle age can be, when she unites the ease and dignity of years with habitual grace and affability. Mme. Taglioni is now established in London, and occupies herself in giving to young ladies lessons in dancing and deportment.

Specimens of the Jubilee Programmes!

1. OPENING ("AMERICAN") DAY, (June 17).
Grand Choral. "Old Hundred." FINE.
Full Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.
Overture. "Rienzi." Wagner.
Grand Orchestra, Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.
Chorus. "Damascus." Grand Triumphal March from Oratorio of "Naaman." Costa.
Full Chorus and Orchestra; P. S. Gilmore Conductor.
*Piano Solo. Grand Fantasia. "The Skating Ballet" from Meyerbeer's opera of "Le Prophète." Liszt.
Performed by Herr Franz Bendel (his first appearance in America).
Four-Part Song. "Farewell to the Forest." Mendelssohn.
Full Chorus (unaccompanied); Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.
Inflammatus. "Stabat Mater." Rossini.
Solo by Madame Erminia Rudersdorff; accompanied by full Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.
*Sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Chi mi frena." Donizetti.

Sung by the Bouquet of Artists, with Orchestral accompaniment; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor. Grand Selection of National airs of America, England, Austria, France, etc. Haydn, etc.

†Overture Triumphant. Gantes.

[The last two pieces performed by the United States Marine Band of Washington, Henry Fries Director.]

*National Air. "Star Spangled Banner." Key.

Full Chorus, with Organ, Orchestra, Military Bands, Bell and Cannon accompaniment; P. S. Gilmore Conductor; solo in third stanza sung by Mrs. Julia Houston-West.

*Grand Concert Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube." Johann Strauss.

By Grand Orchestra, conducted by the Composer, his first appearance in America.

Grand Scene from "Il Trovatore," Anvil Chorus. Verdi.

By Operatic Chorus, Full Chorus, Organ, Orchestra, Military Bands, Drum Corps, Anvil, Bell and Cannon accompaniments; P. S. Gilmore Conductor.

Chorus. "This is the witness of God," from Oratorio of "St. Peter," now in course of publication. J. K. Paine.

Full Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; conducted by the composer.

Hymn. (Bethany) "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Dr. Lowell Mason.

Chorus, Orchestra, &c.; Dr. E. Tourjee, conductor.

2. THE "ENGLISH" DAY. (June 18.)

Choral. "Now may the will of God be done." Bach. Full Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.

Overture. "Leonora," No. 3. Beethoven. Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.

Festival Hymn. "Peace and Music." Words and Music by Dudley Buck.

Full Chorus and Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.

*Aria and Variations. Proch. Madame Peschka-Lentner (her first appearance in America), with Orchestra conducted by Carl Zerrahn.

Finale to the 3d Act of "Ernani." Verdi. Bouquet of Artists, Operatic Chorus, Full Chorus and Orchestra; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.

Piano Solo. Fantasia on "Last Rose of Summer." Thalberg.

Madame Arabella Goddard (her first appearance in America).

Chorus from "Woman of Samaria." "Abide with me." Bennett.

Full Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.

Overture. "Robin Hood." Macfarren.

†Overture. "Der Freischütz." Weber.

†Solo for Cornet. "Levyathan Polka (performed by Mr. McGrath)." Levy.

[The last three pieces performed by the Band of the Grenadier Guards of London; Dan Godfrey, leader.]

British National Anthem. "God Save the Queen." Solo in 3d verse by Madame Rudersdorff, with Full Chorus, Orchestra, Organ, Military Bands, Bell and Cannon accompaniment; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.

"Star Spangled Banner." Band of the Grenadier Guards.

Grand Concert Waltz. "Wine, Women and Song." Strauss.

Orchestra; Johann Strauss, Conductor.

Scene from "Il Trovatore." Anvil Chorus. Verdi.

[Given as on previous day.]

Romanza from "L'Eclair." Halevy.

1st verse, Sopranos in unison; 2d verse, Sopranos and Tenors in unison; Flute, Oboe, and Violoncello Obligato, with full Orchestral accompaniment; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.

Chorus from "Elijah." "He watching over Israel." Mendelssohn.

Full Chorus and Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.

Missionary Hymn. "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." Mason.

Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; Dr. E. Tourjee, Conductor.

3. THE "GERMAN DAY." (June 19.)

Choral. "A Strong Castle is our Lord." Luther. Chorus and Orchestra; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.

Overture. "Tannhäuser." Wagner. Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.

†Aria e Varie. Proch. Mme. Peschka-Lentner with orchestral accompaniment; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.

Chorus from "Elijah." "Yet doth the Lord." Mendelssohn.

Chorus and Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.

Four-Part Song: (unaccompanied) "Farewell to the Forest." Mendelssohn.

Chorus; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.

Grand Concert Waltz. "Morgenbläser." Strauss.

*Pizzicato Polka. Strauss.

[Last two pieces by the Orchestra; Johann Strauss, Conductor.]

Piano Solo. "Souvenir de Hungary." Bendel.

†Etude for the left hand. Bendel.

Fantasia on themes from Meyerbeer's opera of "Le Prophète." Wienrecht.

†Overture to "Oberon." Weber.

†Selections from "L'Africaine." Meyerbeer.

[Last three performed by the Band of the Kaiser Franz Grenadier Regiment, of Germany; Herr Heinrich Saro, Leader.]

German Union Hymn. Dedicated to William I., Emperor of Germany. Keller.

Chorus, Organ, Orchestra, and Military Bands; M. Keller, Conductor.

"Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle." Kaiser Franz Grenadier Regiment Band.

Fest und Friedens Gruss. Moehring.

Scotch Song. Me d l sohn.

†"D's K p-lls." Me d l sohn.

[Last three performed by Emperor William's Cornet Quartet, Messrs. Koselek, Philipp, Senz and Diechen.]

Scene from "Les Huguenots." Benediction des Poignards. Meyerbeer.

Operatic Chorus, Full Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.

"When the Swallows Homeward Fly." Abt.

1st verse by Sopranos; Second verse by Sopranos and Tenors; 3rd verse by Full Chorus; Franz Abt, Conductor.

Scene from "Il Trovatore." Anvil Chorus. Verdi.

[Given the same as at previous concerts.]

Hymn. "Kingdoms and Thrones." (Hamburg). Gregorian.

Chorus, Organ, Orchestra, and Cannon accompaniment; Dr. E. Tourjee, Conductor.

4. THE "FRENCH" DAY. (June 20.)

Gloria from Twelfth Mass. Mozart.

Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.

Festival Overture. Leutner.

Orchestra; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.

Aria. "Let the bright Seraphim" from "Samson." Handel.

Sung by Mme. Rudersdorff; Trumpet Obligato by Mr. M. Arbuckle.

*Scene from "Il Trovatore." Anvil Chorus. Verdi.

[Given as at previous concerts.]

Grand Concert Waltz. "One Thousand and One Nights." Strauss.

†Pizzicato Polka. Strauss.

Orchestra; Johann Strauss, Conductor.

Chorus. "The Heavens are Telling," from "The Creation." Haydn.

Bouquet of Artists, Chorus, Organ and Orchestra; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.

Piano Solo. Grand International Fantasia on "God Save the Queen" and the "Star-Spangled Banner." Wehli.

Performed by James M. Wehli.

Overture to "William Tell." Rossini.

†"Marche aux Flambeaux" (Fackeltanz) No. 3, in B flat. Meyerbeer.

†"Anna Polka." (Cornet Solo by M. Sylvestre.) Legendre.

[Last three by the Band of the Garde Republicaine, of Paris, MM. Paulus and Maury, Leaders.]

*French National Hymn. "La Marseillaise." Chorus, Organ, Orchestra, Military Bands, Bell and Cannon accompaniment; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.

Recitative and Aria from "Die Zauberflöte." Abt.

†Song. Sung by Mme. Peschka-Lentner, with Orchestral accompaniment; Carl Zerrahn and Franz Abt, Conductors.

Scene from "Faust." Soldier's Chorus. Gounod.

Operatic Chorus, Full Chorus, Orchestra and Cannon accompaniment; P. S. Gilmore, Conductor.

Solo and Chorus. "Nazareth." Gounod.

Bass Solo by members of the Bouquet of Artists; Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.

Hymn. "Watchman, Tell us of the Night." Dr. Lowell Mason.

(With all the &c., &c., as before.)

*Repeated. †Encore piece.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Dreaming and Thinking of Home. Song and Chorus. 3. G to g. Pratt. 30

Gone are the faces so loving and kind.

Gone are the hills and the valleys I know.

The familiar "home" sentiments are included in the poem, which is set to a good melody.

It was a Lover and his Lass. 3. F to f. 30

—And a hey non-ne, no ni no,

In spring time, in spring time,

The only pretty ring time.

This is from "A Selection of Old English Songs," which includes fifteen old favorites, all popular in their day. The above song was "printed" in the year 1600. Words by Shakespeare, and harmony carefully elaborated.

Thy Throne, O God. Sacred Trio. 5. C to 9. Verdi. 35

An adaption of *Te sol quest anima*, in *Attila* to sacred words, and is, of course, a very brilliant Trio for the Soprano, Tenor, and Bass voices of a Quartet Choir.

Christmas comes but once a Year. 3. D minor to d. 30

The above very true statement constitutes the title of another rare old English song, dating "before 1680," when it seems they had

The pudding, mince pie, and plum porridge divine, The stingo, the lamb-wool, the nuts, and the wine, To make old Christmas merry.

The melody has very much of the jovial, bounding motion of "When Johnny comes marching home," and is merry, not minor, in sentiment.

Love's Glance never dies. Song and Chorus. 3. D to f. Price. 30

Let looks express what words cannot

My love be told in sighs

Very well put together, and a "taking" song and chorus.

Instrumental.

Shadow Thoughts. Three Impromptus Gracieux.

Pratt. ea. 30

No. 1. Hidden Whisper. 3. Eb.

The whispering lily is well carried out. A neat, well constructed "Song without words."

No. 2. Mazurka. 3. Ab.

No. 3. Silent Complaint. 3. Eb.

The Mazurka is a good one, and the Silent Complaint has a most original, and yet pleasing arrangement of time. It is a very encouraging thing that our younger composers can bring out, as impromptus, pieces of such decided merit.

Le Tourbillon. Impromptu. 5. Eb. Ritter. 75

The name indicates a "stormy" composition, and this is hurried, fierce, prompt, powerful;—those who like melodious noise will be sure to be pleased.

Rousseau's Dream. Varied. 4. F. Cramer. 50

One of the nicest and sweetest of pieces for pupils. The melody is charmingly varied, and the variations furnish excellent practice for the fingers.

Dolly Varden Waltz. 2. C. Streabog. 40 & 50

It should be explained that there are five Dolly Varden pieces:—two Songs, a Galop, a Schottische, and a Waltz. Each piece is published with a colored title for 50 cents, and also with a plain title for 40 cents. The pictures are pretty, and worth preserving as mementos of the present graceful folly of fashion, and the music is also good.

April Showers. Polka Brillante. 3. G. Mrs. Duer. 35

Brilliant and original.

La Doleur. Mazurka Sentimentale. 4. Db. Pratt. 40

For pieces of this grade, some few years since, we were entirely dependent on European composers. Now we have plenty of these of home production. A fine mazurka, "sad but sweet."

Les Trois Grâces. Mazurkas Elegantes. Op. 77. Aglaja. 3. Kölling 50

Very graceful. It is evident that the author has not mistaken his key-lid.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

